

The MELANCHOLY NYMPH.

Set by Mr. HANDEL.

8

'Twas when the seas were roar-ing with hol-low blasts of wind, a dam-fel lay de-
plo-ring, all on a rock re-clin'd; wide o'er the roll-ing bil-lows, she cast a wish-ful
look; her head was crown'd with wil-lows, that trembled o'er the brook.

II.

Twelve months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast!

III.

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Views tempests in despair:
But what's the loss of treasure
To the losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

IV.

How can they say that Nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then, beneath the water,
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

V.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear,
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear.
When o'er the white waves stooping,
His floating corpse she spy'd;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

For the GERMAN FLUTE.

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